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The Evolution of Woman



Barry Whitney McVickar





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THE EVOLUTION OF WOMAN

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by
Harry Whitney M^cVickar

NEW YORK
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
1896

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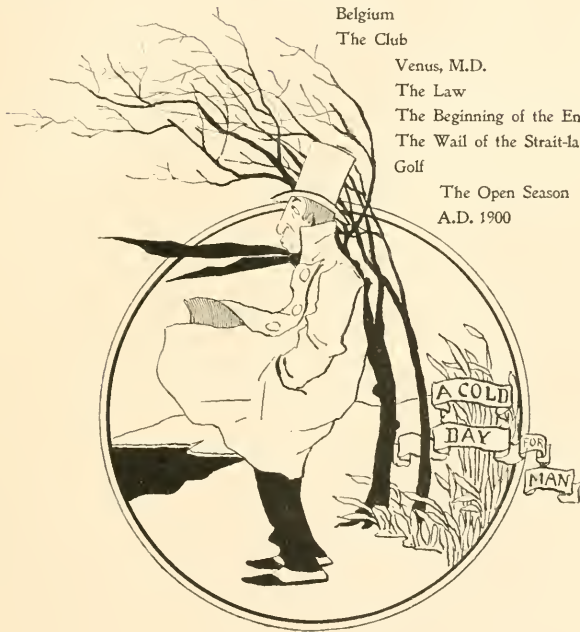
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A.D. 1900



M363712

(A MAN'S) PREFACE

“O woman! In our hours of ease
[And other hours] so sure to please,”
—Who never was (as man was) brute!
Why *will* you further evolute?
And, fighting so against your star,
Not be content with what you are?

'Tis true one cannot justly say
Your progress always found fair play;
Yet still, as we survey your mission,
We think you've bettered your condition.
In Eden—well, man did not make
By your transaction with the Snake;
And since that time it isn't fudge
To say he's shown he felt his grudge.
There was that pre-historic male
Who threshed you with a flinty flail.
In Egypt, after daily grubbing,
Your evening brought you—formal drubbing!
In Greece, at a most classic hour,
They fed you—to the Minotaur!

(The reason why, a sage allows,
To-day, you're so "afraid of cows.")
In Rome, they burned you at the stake,
And chuckled at the fuss you'd make.
It was sheer mediaeval duty
To raffle for you—with the booty.
In several much later ages
Your needle was your work—and wages,
When, lonely, in your husband's den
You worked his feats, in six-by-ten.
In France, it was a common use
To wed you as the duke might choose.
Few wrongs you've suffered much unkind
Than those from Salem's grim "witch-finder."
(Who just as soon as he *had* found you,
Incarcerated, hanged, or drowned you!)
—The Turk, to-day, has not forgiven
Your sex—nor thinks you merit heaven!
—Oh, yes! There's really no denying
You've had experiences most trying!
But—almost everywhere on earth
To-day dull man admits your worth.
You've all the Rights your sex affords;
You've stolen lots that *were* your lord's!
You shoot—you golf—you hunt 'cross ditches—
You ride a wheel—you wear our breeches!

You vote—you preach—you will not rub
Along in life without your club;
In arguing, ever a top-sawyer,
You argue, now, in court, a lawyer!
In medicine a busy master,
You dose and drug and stitch and plaster!
—It's simple truth—we cannot shirk it—
You've captured each "profesh"—and work it!
In short, by ways most sly and neat,
You've seated man in a back seat!

But why, why do it? Won't some elf
Warn you that you forget—yourself?
—Of course, you're charming—now and ever!
In any whimsey whatsoever;
But do just let this thought occur:
MAN LIKES YOU BETTER AS YOU WERE!
ALTHOUGH YOU MAKE OF HIM A MINION,
YOU *REALLY* WANT HIS GOOD OPINION;
AND, WHILE HE THINKS HIMSELF ABOVE YOU,
HE'S MUCH MORE APT (LEAN LOW) TO LOVE YOU!
—Why struggle so beyond your sphere,
When in it—well—you're such a dear!

E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.

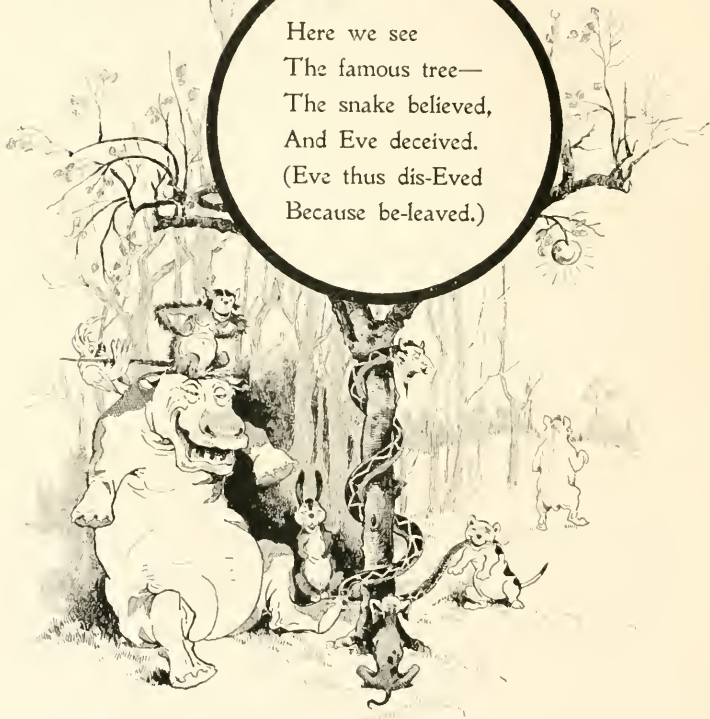
GARDEN OF EDEN



ARDEN OF DEN.



Here we see
The famous tree—
The snake believed,
And Eve deceived.
(Eve thus dis-Eved
Because be-leaved.)





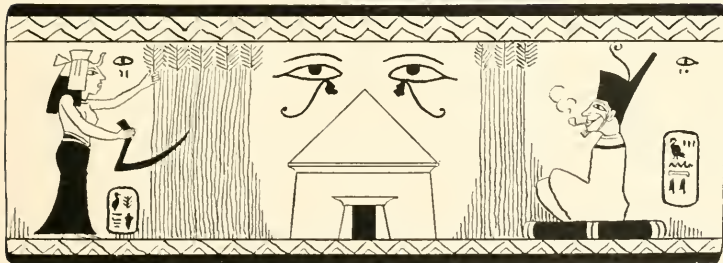
TIME OF THE PHARAOHS



TIDE OF THE PHARAOHS



All womankind
At work we find
In Egypt's clime
In Pharaoh's time;
And Rameses
His wives would seize
And beat with ease.



ANCIENT ROME

ANCIENT ROME

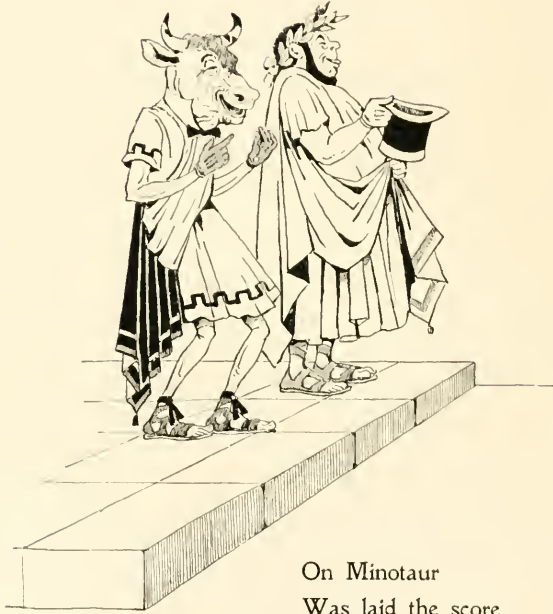


In ancient Rome
The joys of home
Were like as peas
To those one sees
In scenes like these.

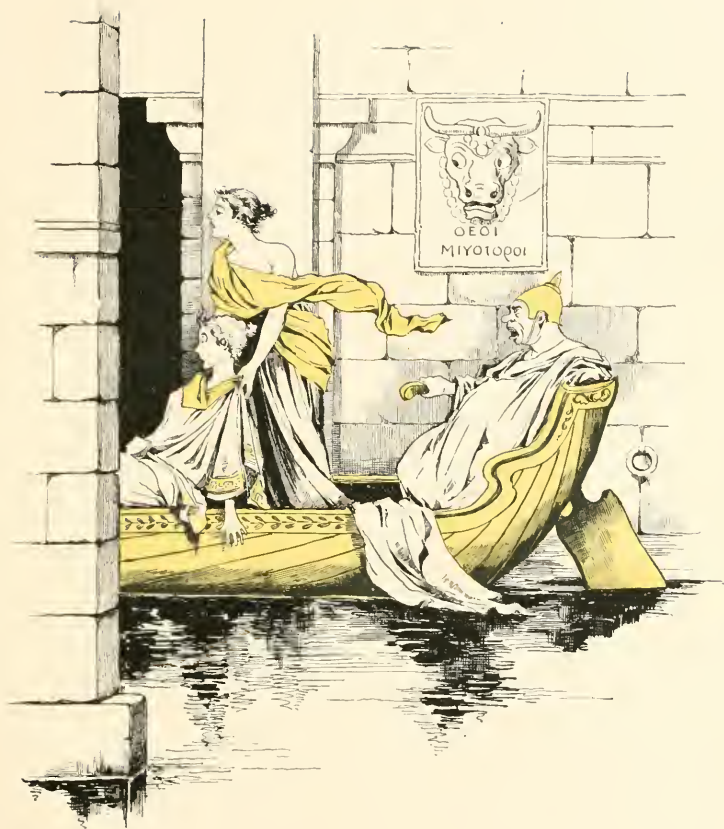


GREECE

GREECE



On Minotaur
Was laid the score
When maid in Greece
Did not increase
In time of peace.

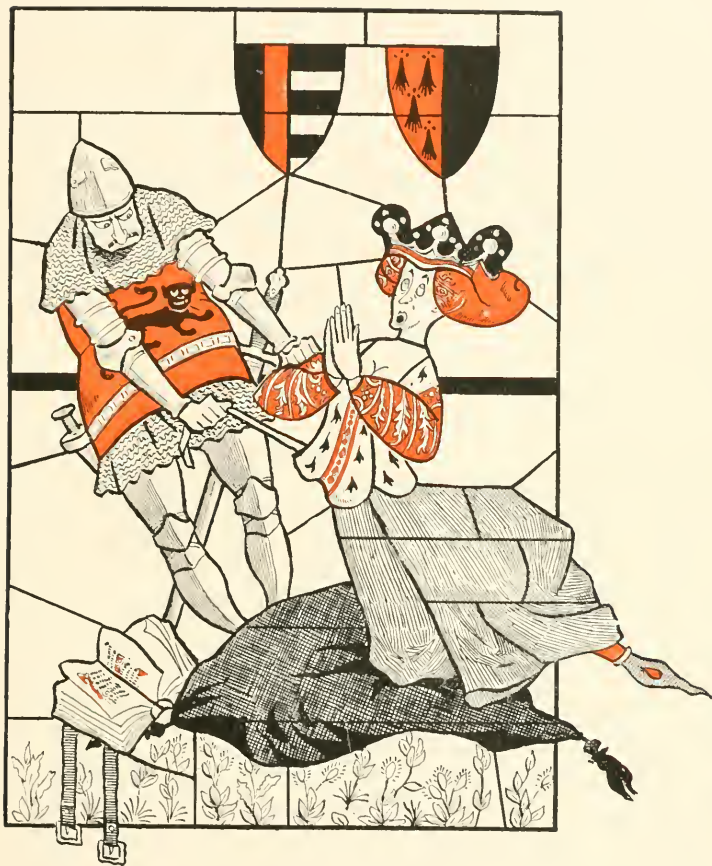


END OF XIV. CENTURY

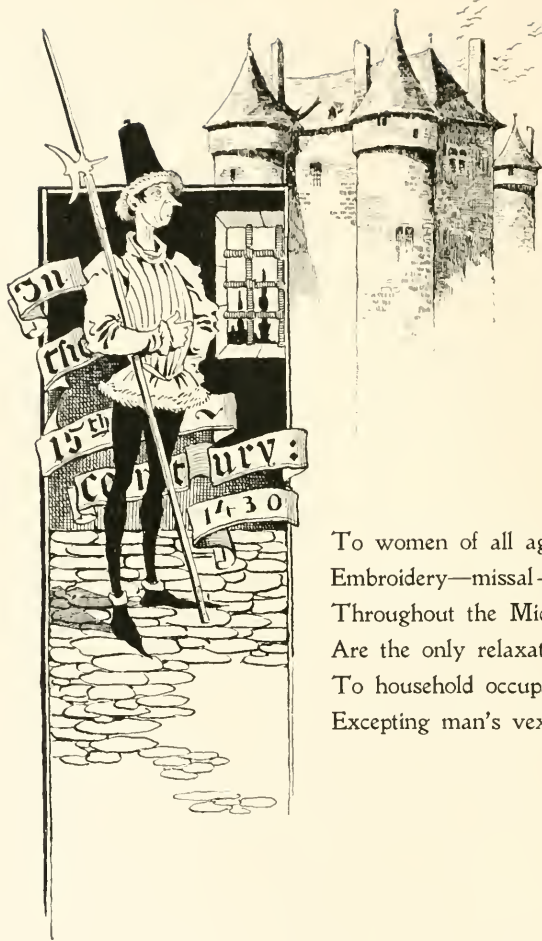


End of xvth Cent.

The maid bewails,
And faints and quails;
But the Captain rails,
For they who dare
Deserve the fair
And wed—their share!



IN THE XV. CENTURY, 1430



To women of all ages
Embroidery—missal-pages—
Throughout the Middle Ages
Are the only relaxation
To household occupation,
Excepting man's vexation.



YE GOOD OLD PURITANS



YE GOOD OLD PURITANS

Witnesseth, *that*
ye women *accused* of Witchcraft are
to be ducked in ye Pond, *wherem* if
they drown

they are straightway proven *Innocent* &
nothing hurtfull.

Contrarywise however if they

DO NOT

they are set downe as *manythings harmful* & as
Witches *and forthwith* are to be

Burned

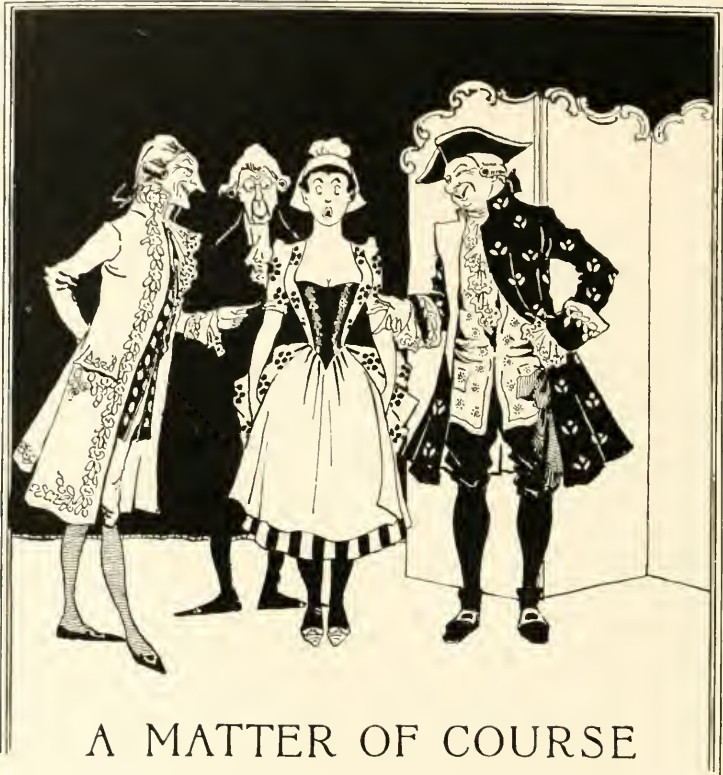


The poor little witch,
For Heaven's sweet sake,
Will be drowned in a ditch
Or burned at the stake.



A MATTER OF COURSE

.



A MATTER OF COURSE

In France of old, as I've been told,
Whenever the Marquis needed gold,
To marry some maid to a homely dependant
Was a privilege daily in the ascendant.

(Of course *she* was more or less dejected,
But dissent—well, *that* was never expected.)



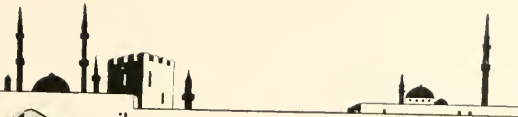
IN THE EAST

Unwed, the Turkish women fail.



Unwed, the Turkish women fail
When Paradise they would assail,
 Except by means
 Of her husband's jeans
Or the orthodox flap of his flowing
 coat-tail.





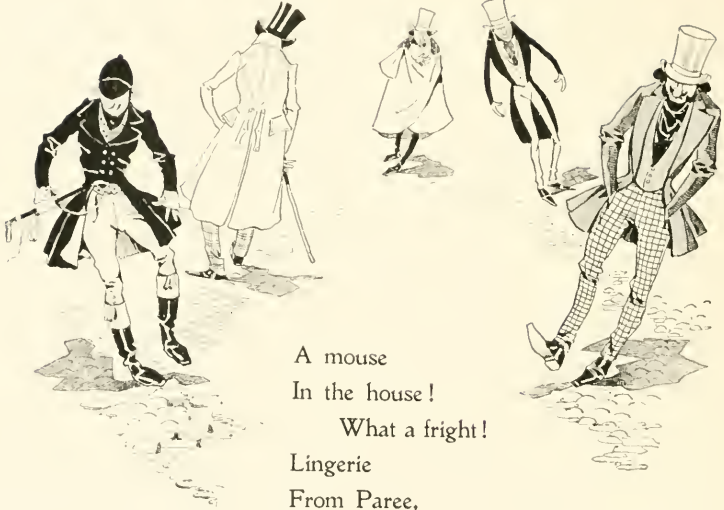
Мѣсяцъ.



A.D. 1830



AD 1830



A mouse
In the house!
What a fright!
Lingerie
From Patee,
And a sport
Full of port:
What a sight!



SWITZERLAND

SWITZERLAND



In Switzerland,
I understand,
'Tis hard, they say,
To carry hay
And yet be gay.



BELGIUM

BELGIUM



In Belgic parts
The women's hearts
Don't pant for carts.



THE CLUB

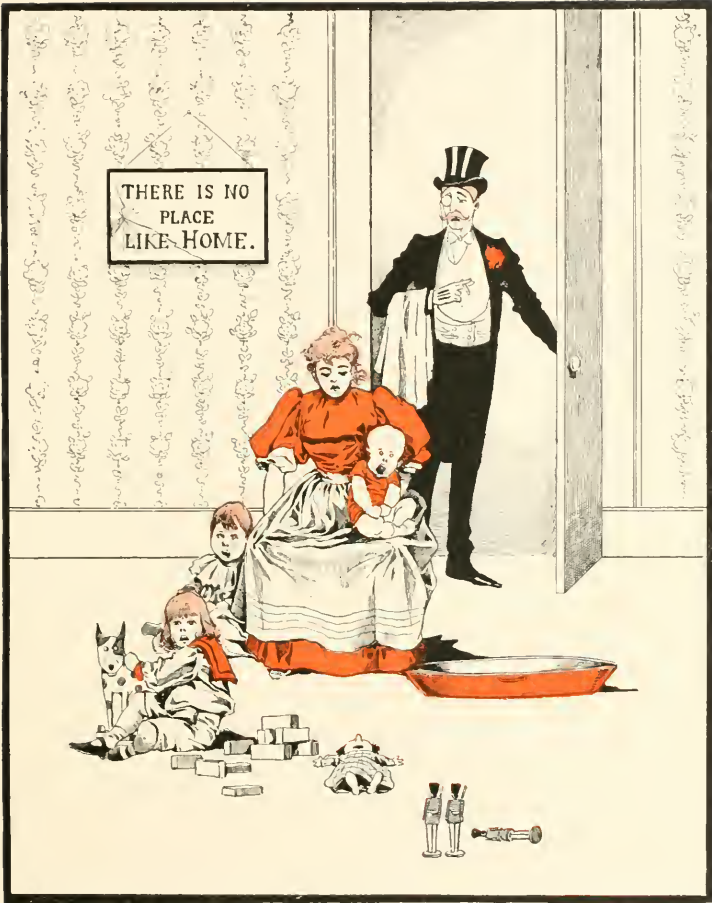
THE CLUB



While men to club
Or mart repair,
'Tis woman's part
Her lot to bear.



THERE IS NO
PLACE
LIKE HOME.



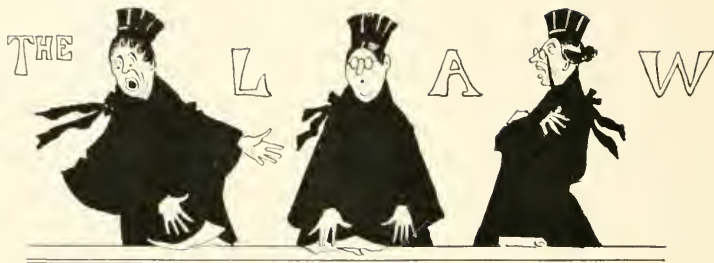
VENUS, M.D.



Oh, may not D.V.,
A skirted M.D.
(*A fortiori* three),
With clinical glee
For lancet and fee,
Ever stand over me!



THE LAW

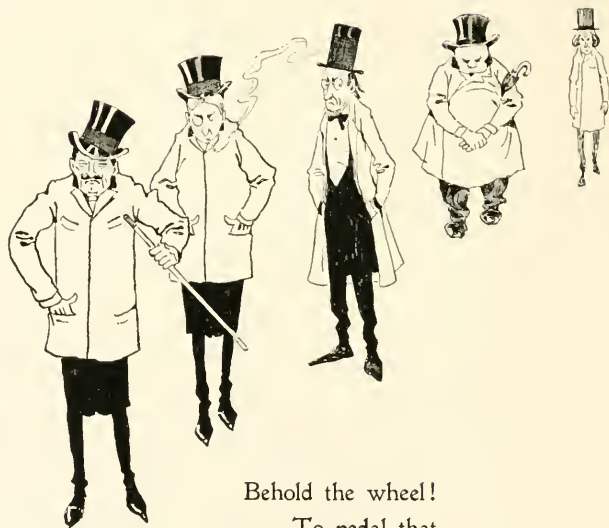


In another way
Phryne of old
Was not more bold
Than is to-day
The maid that pleads,
Draws bills and deeds,
And other screeds.

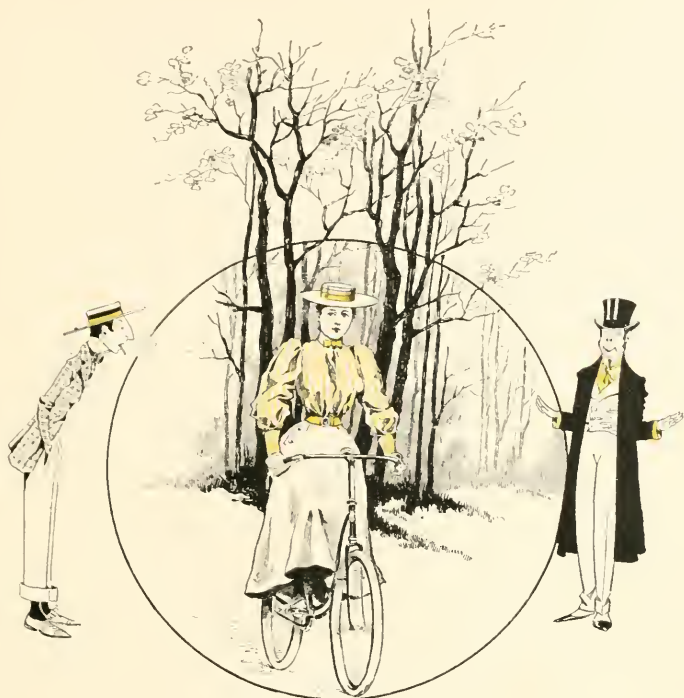


THE BEGINNING OF THE END

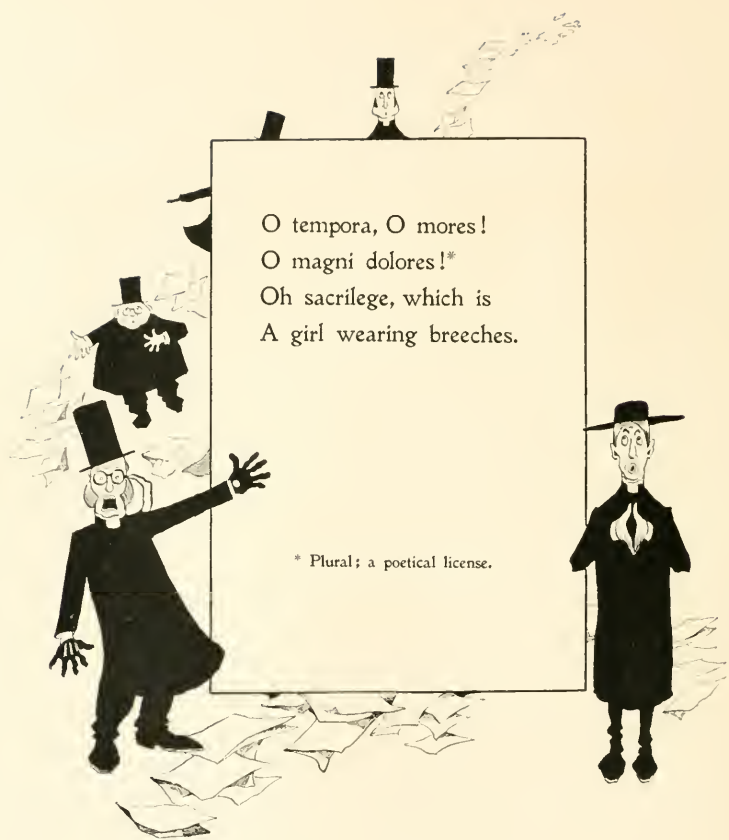
THE BEGINNING OF THE END



Behold the wheel!
To pedal that
Both lean and fat
Are full of zeal.



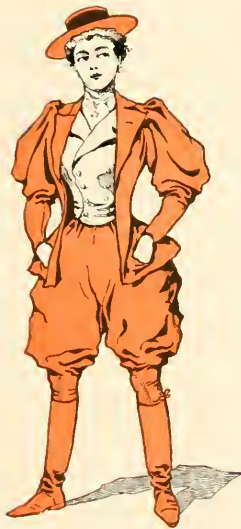
THE WAIL OF THE STRAIT-LACED



O tempora, O mores!
O magni dolores!*
Oh sacrilege, which is
A girl wearing breeches.

* Plural; a poetical license.

THE WAIL OF THE STRAIT-LACED



GOLF

GOLF



At golf she plays
On pleasant days.
Her skirts to shed
She does not dread!
A better drive, a better
put,
She thinks, is sure in
such a suit.



THE OPEN SEASON

THE OPEN SEASON



'Twere surely weak and lame of us
To let or maid or dame of us
Lightly to thus make game of us.





A.D. 1900



A.D. 1900

Oh, heavens! in the coming years
Shall we thus draw our children's tears?
Shall we too late abase the knee
Before the evolved she,
To blot out all the awful score
Ere she with us wipes up the floor?







3/25

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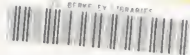
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